

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## TO-MORROW THE FIRST OF MAY.

We look upon it as one of the pleasant circumstances which have attended the setting up of this Journal, that the publication of to-day's number falls upon the 30th of April, so that to-morrow is the First of May, and we can write upon it accordingly, close at hand. Our poetical mistress (for May is a sort of mistress to all lovers of books and nature) is not coming a month hence, or a week hence, but to-morrow; like a fair friend who sends word to a family that she means to be with them before breakfast, and rouses the children and the whole house in consequence, all hoping that it will be fine. That will suit her best; especially as we ought to meet her out of doors, if we live in the country. But under any circumstances, coming she is, and a friend she is, and we have the whole month before us to go out with her when we can. If we must stay in doors, we must make the best of it. There is music still, and books, and flowers; or if we have none of these, we can shew that we have souls that deserve them, and wish we had them all; and wishing, accompanied with good intentions and growing knowledge, is a good step towards obtaining what we wish, and helping others to attain it with us. They who sing one song to day in honour of the season, or even quote one passage about it from the poets, or express a single wish to see its honours revived, and youths and maidens, blooming as of old out of doors, like the buds upon the morning boughs, do something towards a realization of what they desire. The world is made up of atoms. Opinion is made of the very least, tiny little bits of opinion, first sown in private, and afterwards issuing forth and increasing in public. If ten people say, "We should like to have a May again of the good old sort," twenty may say it, most probably will; then twenty more, then eighty, then a hundred, till at last the voters for May are counted by hundreds, then by thousands, and if thousands desire it, the thing is done.

But not, we grant, without other "means and appliances." Times must change in other respects, public happiness increase, means of enjoyment be more equally diffused. And here we will take the opportunity of noticing what appears to us to be the error of those, who justly objecting to the feudality of the old times, or the extreme inequalities of their condition, think that the old holidays were essentially connected with these inequalities; and that we could not have them again without renewing the ancient dependency of the poorer classes upon the givers of Christmas dinners, and beggings from door to door for the May garland. But this does not follow. We may surely rejoice in similar ways, but by other means. The object of all true advancement is not to get rid of bad and good together, but to retain or restore the good, to increase it, and enjoy it all still better than before. The songs of May have been suspended, not merely because the intercourse has grown less between landlord and tenant, or the lord of the manor and the villagers, but because the singers have had to "pay the piper" for very different tunes, blown by trumpets, and blown by their own connivances too, as well as that of the rich. They have grown wiser: all are growing wiser: we blame nobody in these our philosophical columns, any more than we desire ourselves to be blamed. All have had something to be sorry for, during contests carried on with partial knowledge; and all will doubtless do away the wrong part of contest, in proportion as knowledge increases. We blame not even the contests themselves; which in the mysterious working of the operations of this world may have been necessary, for ought we know, to the speedier abolition of the evils mixed up with them. All we mean to say

is, that as knowledge and comfort get on, there is no reason whatever why old good things should not revive, as well as new good ones be created; and for our parts, if society were wise, comfortable, and in a condition to enjoy itself without hurting the feelings of any portion of it, we do not see how it could help renewing its bursts of delight and congratulation amidst the beauties of new seasons, any more than it could help seeing them, and knowing how beautiful they are.

Meantime, as certain patient and hopeful politicians, not long ago, kept a certain small fire alive, in the midst of every thing that threatened to put it out, which is now lighting all England, and promising better times to the very seasons we speak of, so shall we persist, as we have for these twenty years past, in keeping up a certain fragrant and flowery belief on the altars of May and June, in these sequestered corners of literature, ready against those better times, and already rewarding us for our perseverance, because the belief is spreading, and the corners beginning to lose their solitude.

*Huc ades—cum lilia plena  
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis; tibi candida Nala  
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,  
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi;  
Tum casia atque alius intexens suavis herbas,  
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.*

*Virgil.*

Come, take the presents which the nymphs prepare,  
White lilies in full canisters they bring,  
With all the purple glories of the spring.  
The Daughters of the flood have search'd the mead  
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,  
The brief narcissus and fair daffodil,  
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell.

*Dryden.*

But where shall we begin, or what authors quote, on the much quoted subject of May? It is a principle with us in this journal (in order to give our enterprise as much chance as we can) to repeat as little as possible of what has been extracted in other publications; and thus we are cut off from a heap of books which have contributed their stores to the illustration of the season. We cannot quote Brady; we cannot quote Brand; we cannot quote Aikin; nor Hone, nor Howitt, nor ourselves, (which is hard,) nor the venerable Stowe, nor Foster, nor Patmore; nor again, in poetry, may we repeat the quotation from Chaucer about May and the Daisy; nor Milton's Ode to May-morning; nor Spenser's joyous dance on the subject (in his Eclogues); nor his divine personification of the month in the Faerie Queene, Book VI.; nor Shakespeare's passage in Henry the Eighth, about the impossibility of keeping people in their beds on May-morning; nor Moore's "Young May-moon;" ("young" moon for "new," so prettily turning Luna into a girl of fifteen); nor Thomson's rich landscape in the Castle of Indolence "between June and May;" nor Mr. Loviband's "Tears of Old May Day;" nor Gay on the May-pole, nor Wordsworth's bit about the month, (all whose bits are precious,) nor Dr. Darwin's ode, (which luckily is not worth quoting,) nor twenty other poets, great and small; nor Keats (one of the first) who has described a May-bush "with the bees about it." And so with this we conclude our list of negations; for even out of things negative, we would show how a positive pleasure may be extracted.

But the poets are not yet exhausted on this subject,—not a fiftieth part of them. How could they be, and May be what it is; especially in the south? We only wish we had time and space, and a huge library, and could quote all we could think of, the reader should feel as if our pages scented of May-blossom, and ran over with milk and honey. We hope, however, to give him a specimen or two before we close our article. Meantime, in order to get rid of all the melancholy that will force itself into the subject, and make a clear field for

our true May-time, we have two observations to make, first, that if the morning turn out badly to-morrow, it is not the fault of the May-day of our ancestors, which was twelve days later, or what is now called Old May-day, (the day otherwise does not much signify; for it is a sentiment, and not a date, which is the thing concerned) and second, that the only remnant of the old festivities now left us, like a sorry jest and a smeared face, is that melancholy burlesque the chimney-sweepers,—melancholy, however, not to themselves, and so far, to nobody else; neither would we have them brow-beaten, but made as merry as possible on this their only holiday;—but it is melancholy to think, that all the mirth of the day is left to their keeping. If their trade were a healthy one, it would be another matter; if we were even sure, that they were not beaten and bruised when they got home, it would be something. As it is, we can only give money to them (if one has it) and wish them a less horrible mixture of tinsel, dirty skins, dance, and disease. Nevertheless, the dance is something: sacred be the dance, and the desecration thereof; and sacred the laugh of the frightfully red lips amidst that poisonous black. Give them money for God's sake, all you that inhabit squares and great streets, and then do your utmost, from that day forward, never again to let May-day blossom into those funeral flowers of living and fantastic death.

The last pleasant remnant of a town exhibition in connexion with the old May holidays, was the milk-maid's garland. There was something in that. A set of buxom lasses, breathing of the morning air and the dairy, were a little more native to the purpose than these poor devils of the chimney. But even these have long vanished. They are rarely to be found, even in the exercise of their daily calling. Milk-maids have been turned into milk-men; and when the latter, in their transference of the virgin title to the buyers instead of the sellers of milk, call out (as they do in some quarters of the town) "Come, pretty maids," nine old women issue out of the areas in the street, milk-jug in hand, and all hobbling—all rheumatic, in consequence of not having been in the fields these twenty years.

"My soul, turn from them," get not rheumatic thyself, nor do thou, dear reader, consent to be old before thy time, and oppressed with cough and chagrin, especially in spring weather, but get up betimes to-morrow morning, if it be only in fancy, and send your thoughts wandering among the dewy May-bushes and the song of birds. Nay, if you live in the country, or on the borders of it, and the morning itself be not ungenial, it will do you no harm to venture personally, as well as spiritually, among the haunts of your jovial ancestors,—the men who helped to put blood and spirit into your race; or if cosy old habit is too strong for you to begin at so short a notice, and the united charms of bed and breakfast prevail over the "raw" air, you are a man too masculine at heart, and too generous, not to wish that your children may grow up in better habits than yourself, or recall the morning hours of your own childhood; and they can go forth into the neighbourhood, and see what is to be seen, and what bateous and odorous May-boughs they can bring home, young and fair as themselves,—the flowery breath of morning—the white virgin blossom—the myrtle of the hedges. The voices of children seem as natural to the early morn as the voice of the birds. The suddenness, the lightness, the loudness, the sweet confusion, the sparkling gaiety, seem alike in both. Now the sudden little jangle is here, and now it is there; and now a single voice calls out to another, and the boy is off like the bird.

When we had the like opportunities, not a May did we pass, if we could help it, without keeping up the good

old religion of the season, and heaping ourselves and our children with blossom enough to make a bower of the breakfast-room: so that we only preach what we have practised. If we were happy, it added to our happiness, and was like a practical hymn of gratitude. If we were unhappy, it helped to save our unhappiness from the addition of impatience and despair; and we looked round upon the beautiful country, and the world of green and blossom, and said to ourselves, "We can still enjoy these. We still belong to the paradise of good-will."

Therefore we say to all good-willers, "Enjoy what you can of May-time, and help others to enjoy it, if it be but with a blossom, or a verse, or a pleasant thought. Let us all help, each of us, to keep up our spark of the sacred fire—the same, we may dare to believe, which fires the buds themselves, and the song of the birds, and puts the flush into the cheek of delight, and hope, faith, and charity into the heart of men: for if one great cause of love and good-will does not do this, what does, or what can?"

May, or the time of the year analogous to it, in different countries, is more or less a holiday in all parts of the civilized world, and has been such from time immemorial. Nothing but the most artificial state of life can extinguish, or suspend it: it is always ready to return with the love of nature. Hence the vernal holidays of the Greeks and Romans, their songs of the swallow, and vigils of the Goddess of love; hence the Beltein of the Celtic nations, and the descent of the god Krishna upon the plains of Indra, where he sported, like a proper Eastern prince, with sixteen-thousand milk-maids; a reasonable assortment.

In no place in the world, perhaps, but in England (which is another reason why so great and beautiful a country should get rid of the disgrace), is the remnant of the May-holiday reduced to so melancholy a burlesque as our soot and tinsel. The necessities of war and trade may have produced throughout Europe a suspension of the main spirit of the king, and a consciousness that the means of enjoyment must be restored before there can be a proper return to it. We hope and believe, that when they are restored, the enjoyment will be greater than ever, through the addition of taste and knowledge. But meanwhile, we do not believe that the sense of its present imperfection has been suffered any where else, to fall to a pitch so low. In Tuscany, where we have lived, it has still its guitar and its song; and its jokes are on pleasant subjects, not painful ones. We remember being awakened on May-day morning, at the village of Mariano near Fiesole, by a noise of instruments, and merry voices, in the court of the house in which we lodged,—a house with a farm and vineyard attached to it, where the cultivator, or small farmer, lived in a smaller detached dwelling, and accounted to the proprietor for half the produce,—a common arrangement in that part of the world. The air which was played and sang was a sort of merry chaunt, as old perhaps as the time of Lorenzo de Medicis; the words to it were addressed to the occupiers of the mansion, and the neighbours, or any body who happened to shew their face; and they turned upon an imaginary connexion between the qualities of the person mentioned and the capabilities of the season. We got up, and looked out of window; and there, in the beautiful Italian morning, under a blue sky, amidst grass and bushes, and the white out-houses of the farm, stood a group of rustic guitar-players, joking good humouredly upon every one who appeared, and welcomed as good humouredly by the person joked upon. The verses were in homely couplets; and the burden or leading idea of every couplet, was the same. A respectable old Jewish gentleman, for instance, resided there; and he no sooner shewed his face, than he was accosted as the patron of the corn-season,—as the genial influence, without whom there was to be no bread?

Ora di Maggio fiorisce il grano,  
Ma non può esser tale senza il Signor Abramo.

Now in May time comes the corn; but, quoth he, though come I am,  
I should never have been here, but for Signor Abraham.

A lady put forth her pretty laughing face (and a most good tempered woman she was), She is hailed as the goddess of the May-bush.

Ora di Maggio viene il fior di spina,  
Ma non viene senza la Signora Allegrina.

Now in May-time comes the bush, all to crown its queen-a,  
But it never would, without Signora Allegrina.

A poor fellow, a servant, named Giuseppino or Peppino (Joe) who was given to drinking (a rare thing in Italy) and was a great admirer of the fair sex (a thing not so rare) crosses the court with a jug in his hand. It was curious to see the conscious but not resentful face with which he received the banter of his friends.

Ora di Maggio fiorisce amor e vino,  
Ma ni l'un ni l'altro senza il Signor Peppino.

Now in May time comes the flower of love and wine also;  
But there is neither one nor t'other, without Signor Joe.

With this true bit of a taste of May for the reader's ruminations, we close our present article. It would be an "advancement" to look out of a May-morning in England, and see guitar players instead of chimney-sweeps.

#### FIRST WEEK IN MAY.

We have anticipated in our first article, the remarks on the season under this head. We can add little for the present, except to say, that the first week of May is full of human as well as other glory; for on the fourth day of the month, according to the necessary allowance made for the change from Old to New Style, was born Fielding; and on the fifth was born SHAKESPEARE. We write his name large, that we may sound it with what trumpet we can, being unable to indulge ourselves with saying more. We only wish we could lift it in flame and beauty upon every house in England, the most universal of illuminations, as he was of poets. And Fielding, who was a bit of a prose Shakspeare too, and whose Parson Adams Shakspeare would have loved, should have his illuminations also.

As we spoke of electricity in our last, and nature is beginning to luxuriate now, and to electrify us (according to the philosophers,) in more ways than we are aware of, we shall follow up our "sympathies of the silk stockings," with a subject of extraordinary capillary attraction from the pages of a work just published, written by Mr. Peter Cunningham, a surgeon in the navy, author of the well-known "Two Years in New South Wales."

Mr. Cunningham is evidently a man of a very quick, exploring, and active turn of mind, but whether he does not take a little too much for granted in some of his promises, and indulge his vivacity and vigour in too great, kangaroo-like leaps over his ground, clearing away more distance than objection, may be made a doubt. At all events, he is very startling and entertaining; and wherever electricity is concerned, especially in the hands of so bold an investigator, one always feels somewhat in the situation of the people who were present at the dissection of the galvanized dead body, which rose up and seemed about to speak. We hardly know what astounding secrets are not about to be laid open to us. It is but fair to recollect, that the strangeness and apparent ludicrousness of a continuation of ideas in philosophical statements is no disproof of their soundness; however ingenuity without proof, may be no proof of the right of asserting them. Mr. Cunningham is, doubtless, content, that we should be amused as well as astonished at the coveries he reports to us respecting the connexion between a man's hat and his conceptions, and the necessity of giving a rub to one's hair in order to brush up our faculties.

"Electro-magnetism is most readily attracted, as well as carried off, by pointed substances; and hence, the readiness with which the human body is heated or cooled by simply exposing the hands or the feet (pointed substances) to the fire or the cool air. The air is also a pointed substance; and as nothing was made by the Great Creator in vain, we may be assured that use, and not ornament, was the purpose for which it was intended, and that the above purpose was that of transmitting electro-magnetism to the body, our own feelings, as well as reasoning from facts, daily presented to our view, sufficiently convince us of. To what else can we ascribe that writhing and creeping, as well as bristling-up kind of sensation in the hair of the head, universally felt when strong emotions move us, and so frequently alluded to by poets and pencilled by painters? To what else can we ascribe the curious fact of every diseased blotch or pimple in cutaneous affections, having invariably a hair in its centre, or of the hair of the head being bleached white by great mental emotion in a single night, a circumstance so analogous to the destruction of vegetable colours by the electro-magnetic currents of the galvanic trough,

as to leave scarce a doubt of the hair owing the sudden destruction of its colour to similar currents running through it."

"The different colours and constitutions of the hair in different people must necessarily have an important influence upon the mind and the temperament, on account of the different proportions of electricity and magnetism which the above coloured hairs transmit, and the different rapidities with which they transmit them. In the woolly head of the negro the Creator has drawn a distinct line of difference between the black and white races; for wool being a bad electric conductor, his brain is therefore supplied with but a bare electric sufficiency to make the mental line between him and the next order of animals broadly visible, while the abundance of straight regularly constituted hair over his body shows his corporeal powers to equal at least those of the white, inferior though his mental powers be. The curly state of his head hair is attributable, I conceive, to the above more difficult electric introduction, the electricity naturally twisting it about in the efforts to make an entrance, and thus eventually regulating its form. If the negro race, therefore, are ever to be elevated much above their present state, it must be by submitting themselves to the tutelage of less woolly and curly heads than their own, as the better haired Indians of Peru found it their interest to do with the golden-haired children of the Sun, the value of whose hair they so highly appreciated as to endeavour to preserve it by severe laws, prohibiting their incas intermarrying with any but the golden-haired stock. Black bodies having a strong electric affinity, by means of which they transmit electricity more readily than any other species of colour; hence dark haired people, as well as animals, are observed to be hardier than the white haired, from their bodies being kept in a more equable temperature, in consequence of the readiness with which electricity can be acquired and parted with; while the tardy escape of it through the bad-conducting white hair, is apt to throw the body into an inflammatory fever, when any violent bodily exertions are made. The black haired will then also be enabled to rouse their mental energies more suddenly, and to a higher pitch of excitement, as well as to cool them down more rapidly than the white-haired, who receiving electricity slowly are slowly excited, and by also parting with it slowly, are slowly cooled.

The Celtic and other dark-haired races are therefore, I conceive, capable of excitement to higher pitches of intellectual energy than the Gothic, fair-haired race; but, then, the electricity exciting these, being as readily parted with as received, render this excitement to be as easily dissipated as it was conjured up, preventing them, then, from mastering any great object requiring a continued effort of the mind, like the fair-haired Goths, who, when once excited, can keep this excitement more steadily up, from the greater power they have of retaining the electricity on which it depends. As white hairs, however, progressively grizzle the head of the dark-haired man, his judgment and perseverance progressively increase also, until the white hairs gain too great an ascendancy over the dark; while the minds of the fair-haired are generally at the highest pitch of energy when middle age commences. A mingling of the blood of the two races must naturally, therefore, generate a cross breed blending the qualities of the two; and, I believe it will be found that to this cross-breed we are indebted for the greater portion of the highest works in literature, science, and art. On the Continent, the authors of the above have been principally born at no great distance on either side of the Rhine, where these two races have mingled most, the far north or far south on either side (except Spain, from Gothic invasion), have produced few men to compare with the medium between, and even those few might be cross breeds. In England, nearly all the eminent men have been natives of the country south of the Trent, where the Celtic or Roman blood has been more intermingled; while, in the northern parts, where the purer Gothic prevails, although there has been little distinguished talent, yet there has always been more general good sense, good judgment, and prudential, peaceful behaviour than in the south, than of late years, when the greater Celtic intermixture in the various parts, has engendered a more combustible spirit among them. Wales has produced no very eminent original genius; Ireland cannot boast of one with an initial Celtic O' or Mac', and nearly all the Scottish men of note have Saxon names. While, however, the improvers of the inferior animals, have already benefited them immensely by scientific crossings, the improvement of the first of all man, has been left wholly to chance, by which his mental and muscular powers have not been advanced in proportion to those of the brute creation over whom he rules. Speaking more nationally, were the dark-haired Celts of the United Kingdom but whitened with a dash of the fairer Saxon, and the latter again enbrowned with a dash of the former, a great improvement would be effected in both; the Saxon would have more life infused into him, and the Celt more judgment and prudence.

The effects of intense electric transmission causing an early whitening of the hair of those addicted to mental thought, or in whose minds grief or anxiety have sown their cankered seeds, is curiously exemplified by the head of hair insulated by the hat retaining its colour longer than the hair not so insulated; thus the hair more

\* "On the Motions of the Earth and Heavenly Bodies, as explainable by Electro-Magnetic Attraction and Repulsion; and on the Conception, Growth, and Decay of Man, and Cause and Treatment of his Diseases, as referable to Galvanic Action." Cochrane and M'Crone.



the temples and other parts not covered by the hat becomes grey much earlier than that over the places covered by it: the hair upon the latter, however, falling off much sooner, on account of the electric-magnetism which retains it in vigour, and for whose transmission it was solely formed, no longer obtaining a passage in sufficient quantity through it. In woman, on the contrary, grey hairs not only make their appearance less early, but are nearly equally diffused, at the commencement of the bleaching over every part of the head; on account of their more porous and airy head-dresses admitting a freer electro-magnetic access to every portion of the head hair. But this is not the worst as regards man, for as reason leads us to believe that the brain was divided into different parts performing different functions, which parts must necessarily receive as well as emit the electro-magnetism on which their excitements depend through their immediate hairy coverings, so by the insulation (imperfect though it may be) of these cerebral parts, they will not only be prevented from obtaining that puberty, if I may so term it, which they would otherwise have arrived at, but have their functions impeded and weakened whenever covered by the hat. Every man must have often felt how much clearer his ideas flow when his head is uncovered, than when his hat is on, which he instinctively finds necessary to lift up every now and then, and give his hair a rub, in order to make them glide brighter and smoother along. Oily substances, by their electric attractions and magnetic repulsions causing electricity to prevail over magnetism in the bodies conducting the latter, hence the benefit which the hair derives by unctuous applications to it when it begins to dry up through long continued or intense electro-magnetic transmission, which fitting it to be a better magnetic conductor than an electric one, enables it now to conduct in greater quantity the very substance eventually destined to effect its destruction.

Mr. Cunningham's speculations on hair conclude with the startling announcement, enough to make all elderly gentlemen's locks stand on end, (till they get colouring bottles to allay them,) that grey hairs are not a consequence, but a *cause* of age. He treats age rather as a disease than a necessity, at least under its present circumstances; a proposition to which there can be no objection, provided he will find a cure for it. And to speak seriously as well as in levity, we are among those who are for seeing no end to philosophical speculations, however startling. Truth and advancement profit by them, somehow or other. There are very startling things in the philosophy of Bacon; and some of Lord Worcester's speculations, accounted the most impossible, are becoming common-place now.

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

### VIII.—MADAME VILLACERFE AND MONSIEUR FESTEAT.

THIS story has been related a long time ago by one of our classical authors; but it is worth repeating, partly because it is told with real earnestness and in his style, by the present writer, and partly because he obtained his particulars from a connexion with one of the parties. The catastrophe is one of the most affecting in the world. Nothing can be conceived more frightful than the situation of the lover, both before and after the death of his mistress. One almost wishes that she had been less amiable and generous, or affected to be so; and thus have given him less occasion to adore her memory, and despair over his mistake.

Madame Villacerfe, was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death was distinguished by an evenness of temper and greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers; but she is so striking an example of philosophic suffering, Christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstance cannot, in my opinion be dwelt on too long, or repeated too often.

An early and mutual affection had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence in Paris, but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished rather than by a rash proceeding degrade the object of his tenderest affections in the eyes of her family and the world, and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who in the scale of unprejudiced reason far outweighed a thousand fashionable pretenders to frivolous accomplishments and superficial attainment; resolved

To quit the object of no common choice,  
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,  
The much lov'd man with all his claims resign,  
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

After some years past in what may be called a defeat rather than a struggle of the passions; after a glorious victory of duty and honour; which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure far beyond the gratification of wild wishes and misguided appetites, Madame Villacerfe from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, was, by the prescription of her physician ordered to be bled. Festeau, as surgeon to the family, was sent for, and his countenance, as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low hesitating voice, he prepared for the operation by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm; an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured under the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished. Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour; this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out,—"I am the most unfortunate man alive! I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction or her composure. In less than three days the state of her arm in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a bare and little mind, she tenderly requested him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case; ordered her will to be made, and after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than four-and-twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex. The voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as of her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death, an opinion which her earnest and solemn entreaties, entreaties on her death-bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which none can escape, and the fear of which bold bad men only affect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words:—

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing, to all intents and purposes I am removed from the interests of human life, it is, therefore, highly incumbent in me to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it. I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look upon the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it, to your disadvantage. I have, therefore, provided in my will against any thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish representations of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who of all others, loved and doated on her most, when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan, which is repeated no more; sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom, and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented such serious evil and irretrievable calamity. I have said in a former article, that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entire strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people. The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, and a steady hand, and a collected mind.

### IX.—A PRINCE AGAINST HIS WILL.

ACCORDING to our former dramatic fashion, we again give a farce after our tragedy. The hero is not a farcical man himself; he is very much of a gentleman, and was an unwilling contributor to the entertainment, the obstinate comedy of which was ultimately as ludicrous and amusing to himself, as it is to his readers. The anecdote is taken from the journey of the Hon. Keppel Craven in the Neapolitan territory.

There are several monasteries in Brindisi; in the church belonging to one of these, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, I was directed to visit and admire a very fine piece of carving in ivory. After I had bestowed my tribute of praise on this piece of workmanship, and on the pulpit, which is gilt and richly decorated in very good taste, I was requested by a priest to favour the Lady Abbess and some of her sisterhood with my presence at the grate, which divides the church from the convent. I complied, and after a short conversation in the course of which, joy at seeing me, respect towards my person, and gratitude to my family, were declared in the most extraordinary terms; I was entreated to go round to the interior gate and accept of some refreshments. I found from my host and the *Sotto Intendente* of the town, who were my companions, that I could not decline accepting this civility. In my way to the gate, the unexpected cordiality of this reception was explained to me by the information, that this convent derived its foundation from the illustrious house of Bavaria, and that, as the heir-apparent of the kingdom had lately been expected at Brindisi to embark for Greece, it was probable that the Abbess had taken the first stranger she had ever seen in her life, for the royal personage to whose progenitors the whole community owed such unqualified reverence and gratitude. On my rejoining the good sisters in the outward part of the monastery, into which they invited me to enter, my first care was to undeceive, and to apologise for having accepted of honours due to rank so much superior to my own. Though evidently much disappointed, their kindness did not abate, and the coffee and cakes which they had prepared were distributed to us with great civility, by the young pensionaries, who received their education in this monastery, and whose beauty and unaffected manners were equally attractive. Having understood that I had the honour of being acquainted with the prince whom they had so anxiously expected, they loaded me with inquiries relative to him, and appeared much satisfied by the manner in which I answered them. After this, I took my leave, as it was almost dark.

Having, on the following morning, completed my tour of the town, and an examination of all it contained worthy of inspection, I determined to set off for Mesagne, only eight miles distant, after dinner to avoid the heat. During the repast, the same priest who had accosted me in the church the preceding day, made his appearance with a second invitation to call upon the abbess and the nuns before I set off, and accept of some refreshments. I endeavoured to decline the proposal thinking it might be the means of retarding my departure; but I was assured it would mortify if not insult the sisterhood, and as their habitation lay in my way out of the city, I might order my horses to the convent door, and not suffer above ten minutes' delay by my compliance; this I accordingly promised and proceeded to the monastery, attended by the gentleman in whose house I had been lodged, and the *Sotto Intendente*, who had dined with us. We found the outward gate open, and had scarcely passed the threshold when the abbess and the elder portion of the community rushed from the inner court, and led, I may almost say dragged me into the cloister calling upon my astonished companion to follow, as it was a day of exultation for the monastery, and all rules and regulations should be dispensed with. It was evident that the splendour of royalty once again shone on my brow, and that notwithstanding my wish to preserve the strictest incognito, the distinctions and honours due to the blood of Otho of Wittelsbach, must, in this instance at least, be rendered to his descendant, in spite of his assumed humility. This determination shewed itself in a variety of forms, with such prolonged perseverance, that the ludicrous effects which it at first produced were soon succeeded by more serious sensations of impatience and annoyance. Before I could utter my first protest against the torrent of tedious distinction, which I saw impending over my devoted head, I was surrounded on all sides by the pensionaries, who, to the number of thirty, presented me with flowers, and squabbled for precedence in the honours of kissing my princely hands. This was by no means the least distressing ceremony I was to undergo, and for an instant I felt the wish of exerting the prerogatives of royalty, either by prohibiting the exercise of this custom, or render it more congenial by altering the application of it. I seized the first opportunity of requesting my companion to interfere in behalf of my veracity, when I assured them that I was only an English traveller, which my letters of recommendation, describing my name and condition, could testify. The smile of good-humoured incredulity played on the lips of my auditors, who replied that they would not dispute my words, but should not be deterred by them from giving way to the joy which ought to signalize a day which must ever be recorded in the annals of their establishment. They added, that it would be useless for me to contend against the ocular proofs they had obtained of my quality and birth; and when they enumerated among them the air of dignity which I in vain endeavoured to conceal, the visible emotion I experienced on beholding the arms and escutcheons of my ancestors in the church, and my constantly speaking Italian though I affirmed that I was English, I own that I was struck dumb by the contending inclination to laugh or be serious. My host, who was brother to the lady Abbess, begged I would exert my complaisance so far as not to resist their wishes, as it would be put to a shorter trial by compliance than opposition, and I therefore yielded, after a second solemn protestation against the distinctions thus forced upon me. These conducted in a minute examination of the whole monastery,

beginning with the belfry, to which I was conducted by the pious sisterhood, singing a Latin hymn of exultation. I had scarcely put my head into it when a sudden explosion, for I can give it no other term, took place of all the bells, set in motion by the pensionaries who had preceded us; after which, I was successively led to the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, Abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly the sacristy, where I was desirous to rest. I looked round to implore the aid and compassion of my force, when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown. Here I again manifested some symptoms of rebellion, but found it necessary to stifle them, when the opening of several large cases informed me that a display of all the relics was going to take place. These were numerous, and, as I was informed chiefly the gifts of my great grandfather when the convent was endowed, though several had been since sent by my less distant progenitors. Bones and skulls of saints, whose names were as new to me as they would be, were they enumerated to the readers, passed in rotation before my eyes: these were generally preserved in purple velvet bags, embroidered with pearls; and the different vessels and ornaments used in the rites of the catholic church, were of the most costly materials, and exquisite workmanship, all of which, by turns, were offered as presents to me.

Among the relics which were named to me, I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lips; I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation, as they were presented to me, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a disbelief in their verity.

By this time all the stronger emotions I at first had felt had vanished, and a sullen impatience had succeeded, which was not removed by the presence of the vicar, an infirm old personage, who, I believe, had been called from his death-bed to give additional solemnity to the scene, and who joined the holy sisters in the chorus of praises which they lavished on my family, and the titles they bestowed on me, among which that of majesty was of the most frequent occurrence. After this devotional exhibition, I was crammed with coffee, rosolio, brandy, and cakes, and my pockets were stuffed full of oranges and lemons, among which I afterwards discovered, to my great consternation, a pair of cotton stockings, and two of woollen gloves. After a trial of an hour's duration, I was allowed to depart amidst the blessings of the community, but another ordeal awaited my patience, in a visit to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were under the special protection of the vicar, and who would, as he assured me, die of jealousy and mortification if I denied them the same honour which I had conferred on those of the Madonna degli Angeli. Luckily, the order was poor, and as I had not the same claims on their gratitude and reverence, I escaped with fewer ceremonies, and the loss of much less time. There was nothing remarkable in this monastery, except the columns, which surround the cloisters—they were amongst the smallest, and of a more fantastic construction than any I had ever beheld, and evidently of a very early date.

On leaving this building, I found my horses in the street, where they had been waiting a considerable time; and while taking leave of my companions I began to breathe at the prospect of emancipation from all the painful honours, to which I had fallen a victim, and to anticipate the pleasures of a cool evening ride, when my annoyances were renewed by a speech of the commandants, who, with a solemnity of tone and audibility of voice, calculated to produce the deepest impression on a crowd of about five hundred persons assembled round my horses, informed me, that he had hitherto spared my feelings and controlled his own by avoiding to intrude upon the privacy which I was desirous of assuming, but at the moment of parting he felt justified in giving vent to a public declaration of the sentiments of respect and veneration which he entertained for my family, and those of gratitude he should ever cherish for the truly dignified condescension with which I had treated him. I was speechless, and scarcely collected enough to listen to the conclusion of his harangue, which informed me that he had communicated a telegraphic account of my arrival to the commandant of the district, and would now transmit a similar notification of my departure to the commander in chief, to whom he trusted I would express my satisfaction of his conduct. The last words concluded with a genu-flexion, and a kiss respectfully imprinted on my hand, while I hastily mounted my horse, and hurried from this scene of ludicrous torment, which, however it was decreed should not terminate here; for on looking about me as I quitted the town-gate I beheld my host and the *Sotto Intendente* on horseback on each side of me, and found that this singular infatuation had extended its power over their minds, and that they were determined to accompany me as far as Mesagne, and thereby leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on my exalted rank.

On reaching the open plain I resolved to make one more effort to liberate my person from the continuation of this novel kind of persecution, which might, for aught I knew, extend itself over the remainder of my journey; and after another solemn protestation against the name

and title thus forcibly imposed upon me, I conjured my two satellites by all that was merciful to give up their project of attending me, representing that the day was far advanced, that we could with difficulty reach Mesagne before dark, and that their return might consequently be attended with great inconvenience, if not danger. My host, who, I then perceived, had too liberally participated in the homage offered me by his sister in the seducing semblance of rosolio and liqueurs, was obstinately bent on non-compliance, and merely answered my earnest remonstrance by a repetition of the words, *altesza e inutile!* I concluded therefore that all appeal to him would be fruitless, and confined my renewal of them to his companion, whose involuntary distortions of countenance, and occasional contortion of body, induced me to suspect that the motion of a horse was very uneasy, if not unusual to him. On my observing that he looked pale since we had begun our ride, he owned that he had not been on horseback for several years, that he was besides in no very robust state of health, and that the paces of the animal he mounted were somewhat rough; but added, that he knew his duty too well to allow such trifling inconvenience to deter him from fulfilling it to its utmost extent, and that he therefore should not attend to my injunctions of returning, unless they were delivered in the form of a peremptory command, which, issuing from the lips of royalty, he would not presume to disobey. For once then I resolved to assume the dictatorial tone of princely authority, and with as grave a countenance as I could put on, ordered him to return to Brindisi. He pulled off his hat, kissed my hand, and after expressing his thanks for my considerate condescension, united to many pious wishes for my prosperous journey, he allowed me to continue it, and turned his horse the other way, while I urged mine on at a brisk trot, in hopes of reaching Mesagne before night.

## THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1834.

WE desire, in this part of our Journal, to pay all the respect we can to the memory of Mr. Nicholas Gouin Dufief, lately deceased in this country,—a gentleman, whom we had not the honour of knowing personally, nor even in the most important of his writings; but whose laborious career of literary public spirit was encouraged by leading men of all parties, and whose exquisite French and English Dictionary (for we do not hesitate to call it so) would alone give him a claim to the regard of all lovers of knowledge. A book altogether so beautifully "got up" for general use, we never beheld, whether we consider the remarkable abundance of its contents, its utility to all kinds of readers, the most technical included, or the perfection of neatness exhibited in its type, arrangement, and very boarding. Let any body but look into and handle it, and see if we say too much. But what completed the charm of even a Dictionary in our eyes, was the motto which the liberal and spirited man put into the title-page:—

"Les hommes ne se haïront plus, quand ils s'entendront tons."  
"Men will cease to hate one another, when they all understand one another."

Even the elegant singularity of Mr. Dufief's putting his coat of arms in this title-page, with its motto of *Semper Fidelis*—Always Faithful (to the Bourbons, to wit) did not disconcert us with its innocent party appearance; for a man, who is really zealous for the good of all his fellow-creatures, as he was, has as much right to his political predilections as to the family affections in which he was brought up; and though we may not agree with this person or that in his estimate of the objects of his predilection, (any more than he with ours), we heartily sympathize with every genuine and honourable feeling about it, and with the colourings of fancy and love which it acquires in passing through his mind. Such men take the common light of day, and turn it, like cathedral windows, into the hues of heaven.

An unknown correspondent, who has our best thanks for the information, tells us that Mr. Dufief was born at Nantes, of a royalist family, who suffered bitterly from the French Revolution, and were driven into exile. His father, a knight of Saint Louis, was one of the last defenders of the royal cause among the noblesse in Brittany; his mother was a kinswoman of the famous general Charette, with whom, like the Du Pins and Joan of Arca of old, (while her husband was fighting in Germany) she actually served at the head of troops of her own raising, and was present at more than one

hundred engagements! Madame Dufief was ultimately obliged to fly with her children into Jersey. M. Nicholas Dufief went to America; and being under the necessity of learning the English language, was led, by the disadvantages he experienced, to turn (like a proper genius in his vocation) those very disadvantages to account, and produced in consequence the system of French tuition which has acquired celebrity under the title of "Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man," &c. In this work, to the merit of which we regret that we cannot add the testimony of our own experience (as we never saw it) he is understood to have followed, and worked out, the principles laid down by Locke, Condillac, D'Altembert and other philosophers; and that his work is in no need of the testimony we are unable to give it, is evident from the favourable opinions expressed of it by men of all parties, wherever French and English are studied together, including that of a man who may be said to have been one of the princes of the human race, in talent as well as position, and who was not quick, we believe, to express himself so strongly of people's merit as he did in this instance,—the late American President Jefferson.

Mr. Dufief terminated an anxious, zealous, and useful career on the 12th of the present month, aged fifty-eight years, having fallen ill on the day his Dictionary was completed, and never having recovered the re-action of a want of excitement. He may be considered, "a martyr" (says our correspondent) "to the cause of Education." He united, we are told, in a rare but most desirable degree, the habits of a punctual and even precise man of business with the most genuine liberality; and though a party-man and a moralist, abhorred persecution for opinion; exhibiting from first to last (to conclude in the words of our authority) "cheerful application instead of desponding complaint; strict honour and independence instead of subterfuge and servility; and a whole life calculated to excite the esteem and grateful recollection of mankind."

We take this opportunity of observing, that it is a very remarkable, a very noble, and a very new feature of the age we live in, that the ambition of doing good to mankind is taking place of the more egotistical ambitions of former times, and becoming the ordinary characteristic of active and generous intellects, instead of being confined, as it used to be, to a "martyr" here and there. Sincere public zeal, nay, a zeal for the happiness of all men, is no longer thought unworthy of the most practical understandings: all the real intellects even among the most exclusive parties, are gradually venturing forth, if it be but with a tip end of the hand they write with, to warm themselves at this new sunshine of promise for the world; and it is a wrong to all other parties, nay, to those too (for their ultimate good is concerned in it), to conceal from the struggling classes the honourable and feeling testimony borne to those who adorn them by the generous enthusiasm of some of the aristocracy. The following tribute to the rising empire of knowledge, with the noble couplet at the end of it, is from a poem written by a man of birth as well genius, who only wants to have given more way to his impulses as a writer, to show how real a spirit of poetry as well as generosity belongs to him. He is speaking of the metropolis.

Wisdom is in her halls: to none refused  
Are Wisdom's precious gifts as heretofore,  
When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused:  
All may the tracts of science now explore:  
Perish the vain monopoly of lore!  
The gloom-dispelling radiance of the morn  
Delighteth not the rising traveller more,  
Than it doth glad my heart, that lofty scorn  
Recoils from the repellant strength of wisdom lowly born.

CHANDOS LEIGH.

When the rich and the nobly born write in this manner  
what may not be hoped for by all?

Paganini has resumed his performances at the Hanover Square Rooms, and produced his new modification of the viola, thus making an instrument of his own. We have not yet heard it, while writing this, our Paper going to press too soon; but if the instrument is to be more fitted than others to give effect to what is peculiar in the genius of this great musician, the result must add even wonders to what has been heard before.



INTERVIEW OF MR. FOX WITH  
BONAPARTE.

The insertion of Mr. Fox's letter to Lord Grey in our first number, appears to have given so much pleasure, that we have gladly looked out for something more respecting this interesting statesman, to lay before our readers.

Changes of time give a new interest to the scenes of the moral world, as changes of place do to those of a landscape. The following passage in the memoirs of Mr. Fox's latter years, written by his private secretary Mr. Trotter, has appeared, no doubt, often enough in older publications, and may be familiar (at least in general recollection) to many of our readers. But even they will look at it with a new interest, when they consider that not only is Mr. Fox dead, and all that splendid military court scene vanished, and Napoleon himself gone after it, but how he is gone, and what has happened since his ruin, and what new hopes have opened their prospects to the world, such as Mr. Fox loved through all the clouds of party, rank, and office, and such (we suspect) as Napoleon never loved at all, nor believed in.

It is for this reason that we always loved the memory of Fox, however we might venture to think otherwise than he did respecting the means of bringing about the happiness of mankind. That is not the question in these unpolitical pages. But party, &c., were the accidents of his position in society, as they are, more or less, of us all. His heart was a fine, open, manly, unaffected human heart, of the truest order, sensitive to all genial impulses, but not to be moved out of its testimony to what it thought best and truest, by flattery any more than fear; and if Whigs, Tories and Radicals, were all made up of such people as he, they would soon come to an understanding, and find out which was best for the world. But it is the progress of his beloved books and humanities that must make him so.

What we would most direct the reader's attention to in the following extract, however interesting in other points of view, is the agitation of Bonaparte's nerves, when he found himself standing in the presence of Fox. We have little doubt that it was owing to a consciousness of the sinister views with which he ultimately ruined his own greatness, and the comparative vice and puerility of them, compared with those of the man who stood before him in the simplicity of truth.

As we visited the Museum, (says Mr. Trotter) as often as time could be spared, I recollect one day that all the company were attracted to the windows of the Louvre, by a parade in the Place de Carrousel. The guards, and some other French troops, were exercising. Mr. Fox, with the others, went to the window, but he instantly turned away on seeing the soldiers. This occurred some time before the levee; and on that day, as there was a grand parade, we remained in a private apartment of the Tuilleries till it was over. Bonaparte, mounted on a white charger, and accompanied by some general officer, reviewed his troops, amounting to about six thousand, with great rapidity. The consular troops made a fine appearance, and the whole was a brilliant and animating spectacle. Mr. Fox paid little or no attention to it, conversing chiefly, while it lasted with Count Markoff, the Russian ambassador. I observed Mr. Fox was disinclined not only to military, but to any pompous display of the power of the French government. An enemy to all ostentation, he disliked it everywhere, but the parade of military troops in the heart of the metropolis, carrying with it more than vain pomp, must naturally have shocked, rather than entertained, such principles as those of Mr. Fox.

On the day of the great levee, which was to collect so many representatives of nations and noble strangers of every country to pay their respects to the First Consul of France, now established as the sole head of government for life, several apartments, having the general name of the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, were appropriated for the crowd of visitors at the levee, previous to their being admitted to the First Consul's presence. Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord St. John, Mr. Adair, and myself, accompanied Mr. Fox there. I must acknowledge that the novel and interesting scene amused and interested me to the highest degree. This grand masquerade of life was inconceivably striking:—the occasion of assembling,—the old palace of the Bourbons,—the astonishing attitude that France had assumed affected the imagination, and almost overpowered the judgment. A latent smile was often to be caught on the countenances of different intelligent and enlightened men; it said, very significantly, can this be reality? can so wonderful a fabric be permanent?

His toils were now approaching; there was a much greater number of English presented than of any other nation. Mr. Merry, the English Ambassador, appeared on the part of the British government, to sanction and recognize the rank and government of the First Consul! Mr. Merry, whose nation had, under the blind auspices of an intemperate minister, fatally interfered with the internal concerns of a great people, and had vainly attempted to counteract the success of their efforts. What a subject had he for a letter, in the style of Barillon, for the perusal of Mr. Pitt, or his friend Mr. Addington, then acting as Pitt's deputy, or *locum tenens*, in the government! Mr. Merry!—then acting under Lord Hawkesbury, the Quixotic marcher to Paris, which same lord was now receiving a magnificent present of a service of China of unrivalled beauty and elegance, from

this same new government and Bonaparte. It would have been an instructive lesson for Mr. Pitt himself, could he invisibly, with Minerva by his side, have contemplated the scene; he might then have studied history, and discovered that such interference and conduct in foreign powers, as that of his and the allied potentates, he had made Cromwell a king, or an emperor, and fixed the succession of his family.

"What think you of all this?" said the chevalier d'Azara, ambassador from Spain, addressing himself to Mr. Fox. The other gave an expressive smile:—"It is an astonishing time," continued he,—"pictures, statues—I hear the Venus de Medicis is on her way—what shall we see next?" A pleasant dialogue ensued; these enlightened statesmen diverting themselves, when scolding and anger could avail nothing. The Turkish ambassador graced the splendid scene; a diminutive figure, accompanied by a suite of fine and handsome men,—he reposed on a sofa;—the heat was excessive, and his cross-legged attitude but little relieved him;—his companion spoke French with great ease; and some of them were fine Grecian figures.

Count Markoff! covered with diamonds, of a most forbidding aspect—of sound sense, however,—malgre, a face no lady would fall in love with, and an ungraceful air. The Marquis Lucchesini! the King of Prussia's Ambassador, who, from an obscure situation, by having become the reader to a minister, was elevated to the corps diplomatique—gaudily dressed—always with several conspicuous colours,—one thought of a foreign bird on seeing him; and his physiognomy corroborated the idea—agreeable, however; pleasing in manners; easy in his temper; and enjoying rationally the amusing scenes around him.

The Marquis de Gallo! the Neapolitan Ambassador—an unmeaning nobleman of the old school,—florid in manner, but not calculated to produce effect in politics or conversation. Have I forgotten the Count Cobenzel! that sage and venerable negotiator was there. A small, emaciated figure,—pale, and worn out with the intrigues of courts, he seemed to have been reserved to witness the scene before us, as a refutation of all his axioms and systems. With excellent good sense, he took all in good part—he was too wise to betray dissatisfaction, and too polite not to bend with the gale. The American Ambassador, Mr. Livingston, plain and simple in manners and dress,—representing his republic with propriety and dignity.—Of these, I believe M. D'Azara, held the first rank for intellect; he had all the appearance of a man of genius—he seemed very much to enjoy the society of Mr. Fox,—he, and the Count Cobenzel, are both since dead, as, no doubt, are many others of the actors in the grand drama of that day.

The illustrious statesman of England, who that day attracted every eye, is himself withdrawn also from mortal scenes!

A number of English noblemen and gentlemen,—many Russians—Swedish officers, with the white scarf on their arm, also crowded the room. The Cardinal Caprara! representing His Holiness, the Pope, with his scarlet stockings and cap, was to me a novel sight,—he was a polite and dignified ecclesiastic, and, but that I was imbued a little with the prejudice of English historians and other authors, I should have found nothing extraordinary in the respectable cardinal. I am now ashamed that I did.

This grand assemblage was detained a considerable time in the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, during which, several servants in splendid laced liveries handed round coffee, chocolate, the richest and finest wines, and cake, upon china, bearing the initial B. without any armorial, royal, or established marks of power. The heat was excessive, and expectation, wearied with the pause, when the door opened, and the *Préfet du Palais* announced to the Cardinal Caprara, that the first consul was ready, he afterwards called upon M. D'Azara, upon which every one followed without regular order or distinction of rank. As we ascended the great stair-case of the Tuilleries, between files of musketeers, what a sentiment was excited!

As the assumption of the consulship for life was a decided step, tending not only to exclude every branch of the old dynasty, but to erect a new one, every sensible man considered this day as the epoch of a new and regular government. Bonaparte was virtually king henceforth. As we passed through the lofty state rooms of the former kings of France, still hung with the ancient tapestry, very little, if at all, altered, the instability of human grandeur was recalled to the mind more forcibly than it had yet been. The long line of the Bourbons started to the view! I breathed with difficulty! Volumes of history were reviewed in a glance. Monarchs! risen from the mouldering tomb, where is your royal race? The last who held the sceptre dyed the scaffold with his blood, and sleeps, forgotten and unknown, without tomb or memorial of his name! Rapid was the transition succeeding! We reached the interior apartment, where Bonaparte, First Consul, surrounded by his generals, ministers, senators, and officers, stood between the second and third consuls, Le Brun and Cambacères, in the centre of a semicircle, at the head of a room! The numerous assemblage from the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, formed into another semi-circle, joined themselves to that, at the head of which stood the First Consul.

Bonaparte, of a small, and by no means commanding figure, dressed plainly, though richly, in the embroidered consular coat, without powder in his hair, looked at the first view, like a private gentleman, indifferent as to dress, and devoid of all haughtiness in

his air. The two consuls, large and heavy men, seemed pillars too cumbrous to support themselves, and during the levee, were sadly at a loss what to do—whether the snuff-box or pocket handkerchief was to be appealed to, or the left leg exchanged for the right.

The moment the circle was formed, Bonaparte began with the Spanish ambassador, then went to the American, with whom he spoke some time, and so on, performing his part with ease, and very agreeably—until he came to the English ambassador, who, after the presentation of some English noblemen, announced to him, Mr. Fox! He was a good deal flurried, and after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said—"Ah! Mr. Fox!—I have heard with pleasure of your arrival. I have desired much to see you.—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's best interests—those of Europe,—and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace;—they have nothing to fear;—they ought to understand and value one another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see, with great satisfaction, that great statesman, who recommended peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief."

Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing in reply,—to a complimentary address to himself he always found invincible repugnance to answer; nor did he bestow one word of admiration or applause upon the extraordinary and elevated character who addressed him. A few questions and answers relative to Mr. Fox's tour, terminated the entertainment.

MRS. GORE'S NEW NOVEL.  
"THE HAMILTONS."

We had busied ourselves with preparing this novel for our week's abstract, before we became thoroughly aware of its being a political treatise in disguise—an Abstract, itself, of the mistakes that preceded, and the astonishment that followed, the downfall of Toryism. We found it impossible, however, to give it up, first, because it was Mrs. Gore's; and second, because so good a book was not to be found in the time we had before us; and we reconciled ourselves to our inclinations, *imprimis*, because they were such, and last, not least, because in professing to "sympathize with all," as most truly we do, we here had an opportunity of proving that we do so. In avowing, therefore, that we agree in almost all the opinions of Mrs. Gore's book, and that she is not at all bound to make our admissions in extenuation of the faults of those whom she blames, (especially seeing that all reflective writers like herself really point to the same conclusions, though by another road,) it becomes us, in this Journal, to observe, that Tories, though their system is the most victimizing of all, are themselves victims, in common with every body else of circumstances and education, and partake deeply of those secret cares and disappointments, which all mankind seem destined to share, till all shall feel for all, and contrive to work out the common good. Who, indeed, that reads this sharp and interesting work, or only our abstract of it, can fail to see that it is the system and not the fellow-creatures which the authoress holds up to reprobation; and that these fellow-creatures, like the most uneducated of the classes to whom they think themselves superior, are spoilt each by the other, generation after generation, son by father, father by his father, till "mistake! mistake! only," is the cry of the relieved human heart.

Upon the talents of the fair author we have not time to say what we could wish; but it is impossible to speak of her at all, and not give her our cordial, however poor and brief thanks, for her generous superiority to the conventionalities in which she must have been brought up, (knowing them so well,) and for the evidences she is incessantly manifesting of an universality of reading and thinking, of public and private sympathy, of seriousness and gaiety, of wit, style, womanly grace, and sentiment, which present altogether the most remarkable instance of what is called a masculine understanding in a feminine shape, that we remember to have met with. The present age, has been an age of women as well as of men, in the sense most honourable to both sexes; and the brilliant woman before us has an honourable niche in it to herself.

Scarcely a town in England but possesses its "right of vantage." Brighton prides itself on its royal marine residence; Oxford upon its University, Birmingham upon its factories of buttons; Chester upon its cellars of cheese; every place upon its something! Laxington, a neat obscure borough, some ten miles N.E. of Northampton, had long been accustomed to prize itself upon its gentility. The gentility of Laxington consists in a tory exclusiveness: the whole village is Tory; the Whig interest being represented by the highly respectable Lady Berkeley, the widow of a gallant baronet, who died



for his country, and her two daughters. The first germ of the more dreadful intruder, Reform, springs up in the manor-house itself, in the undutiful radical principles of the only son of Mr. Forbes, lord of the manor. A hiatus in the circle of village grandees, made obvious in the emptiness of the long tenanted estate of Weald, is at length supplied, to the great delight of the village at large, in the person of a stirring Tory.

"Weald Park to be let!"—It was something of a degradation to the gentility of the neighbourhood; and the vicar expressed himself severely against the immorality of young Lord Lancashire, on learning that the loss of thirty thousand pounds on the turf was the immediate cause of this decision of dignity. But he spoke with due hesitation; for it was the first time, during a long life, that Dr. Mangles had ventured to find fault with a lord; and he was duly aware that the turf is a vice, of all but right divine, to majesties, royal highnesses, and peers of the realm. Nay, he almost forgave the noble delinquent, on finding that the new tenant of Weald was not only one of his Majesty's ministers, but no less a person than the intimate friend of his honourable patron, the Right Honourable the Earl of Tottenham. The fact was clearly ascertained.—Mr. Smith had been written to—Mr. Smith's opinion of the manor ascertained;—the lease, for fourteen years, was already in progress of engrossment.

The value of such an accession to the great talkers and little doers of Loxington, may readily be conceived.—Their neighbourly sympathies had, in fact, long required extension. Lady Ashley, the fair widow of Stoke, was almost always resident on the continent. The Cadogans of Everleigh were fonder of London or Brighton than of their hereditary oaks. Old Forbes was getting into his dotage; his only son, a rising lawyer, was rarely seen in Northamptonshire; and, although Lady Berkeley, of Green-oak, and her two handsome daughters were of inestimable value, as the heroines of their romance, not a single man of fortune was to be found in the county worth the attention of either. When it appeared, therefore that Mr. Hamilton, the new tenant of Weald, had a son and daughter of an age to form alliance in the neighbourhood, Lord Lancashire was fairly excited. They rejoiced to hear of their new neighbour's man-cook, and were proud of his groom of the chambers; but the prospect of a match for Maria Berkeley, and—who knows!—perhaps a wife for Bernard Forbes—was fairly worth them both.—Fen. Smith walked over to Green-oak under an umbrella the following morning, during a heavy shower to acquaint Lady Berkeley with the news.

But her ladyship was not the woman to be startled into a confession of satisfaction.

"These Hamiltons will not be here till September," she observed with ostentatious equanimity. "I trust we shall then be at Worthing; if not, I shall have no objection to visit them. Although brought up a staunch Whig, I never allow family politics to interfere with neighbourly sociability. Mr. Hamilton, Tory as he is, may be a very worthy man."

Her pretty daughters, Maria and Susan, well aware that this tirade was intended only to mark their mother's sense of superiority to the Smiths, and the patron of the Smiths, Lord Tottenham, smiled over their embroidery. The Berkeley girls were almost as sensible as the coteries of Loxington to the advantage of having young and cheerful neighbours at Weald Park.

Mr. Hamilton, the new proprietor of Weald, was essentially an official man;—had been born in place, bred in place, nurtured in place. His father had lived and died in Scotland-yard, with the word "Salary" on his lips; and young George, at five-and-twenty, the private Secretary of a public minister, trusting to be at five-and-fifty a minister with secretaries of his own, looked upon the treasury as his patrimony,—upon the duties of office as the virtues of his vocation, and upon the stability of Tory ascendancy as upon the immutability of the universe!—The very soul within him was steeped in office!

"From the moment a man of ordinary faculties is thrown into the vortex of office, all trace of his individual nature is lost for ever!—Thenceforward, he exists but as a cypher of the national debt,—a fraction of administration,—a least upon the mighty oak we claim as the emblem of Britain. There is no mistaking an official man. All trades and professions have their slang and charlatanism; and that of Privy Councillor although of a higher tone, is a no less inveterate jargon than that of a horse-dealer. Long practice had rendered this dialect a mother-tongue to Mr. Hamilton!—His arguments abounded in ministerial mysticism;—his jokes were parliamentary;—his notes of invitation, formal as official documents. His anecdotes were authenticated by dates; he spoke as if before a committee, or acting under the influence of a whipper-in. He scarcely knew how to leave a room without the ceremony of pairing off, or to hazard an opinion, lest he should be required to justify it to his party."

To such a man, the incidents of private life were of trivial account. His friends might die when it suited them. Mr. Hamilton was too much accustomed to see places filled up, to fancy any loss irreparable; and, as to births and marriages, they were but drawbacks on the velocity of the great vehicle of public business. All was activity with him and about him.

"Mr. Hamilton's two children alluded to, are a son and daughter, Augustus and Julia; the latter of whom marries a younger son of Lord Tottenham, an empty headed, egotistical young placeman. An attachment arises between Augustus Hamilton and Susan Berkeley, deeper and sincerer on the part of the girl; for Augustus is absent for a long time, to her great dismay and grief. At length however he returns, and succeeds in reassuring her with lame excuses, and equivocal assurances of regard. In fact he is a heartless libertine, who is struck by her beauty, while the purity of her conduct, so much greater than what he is accustomed to encounter, is partly a source of admiration to him, partly a trouble, and at length a contempt. The father disapproves of the match. He hastens down to his seat at Loxington to expostulate, *viva voce*, with his son."

"The explanation was a strong one.—Thirty years of public life had, however, imposed such a restraint on Mr. Hamilton's naturally impetuous temper, that he did not follow the custom of English fathers, on the English stage, by rating his son and heir, as his footman might have rated the butler after a drunken holiday. But the bitter cutting sarcasms of a worldly tongue were more difficult to bear, than an outburst of vulgar indignation. Augustus listened in furious silence, while his father coolly recapitulated all his follies and enormities,—his debts,—his gallantries,—his gambling,—his selfishness,—his uselessness,—his ingratitude!—It was a fearful moment. The father, insulting his worthless son;—the son secretly despising the scolding father. One reply, however, was uttered audibly enough.—The more Mr. Hamilton reviled him, the more obstinately was Augustus determined to persist in his engagement to Susan Berkeley."

"I have pledged my word," was his sullen and reiterated answer.

"You have pledged it on other occasions, when it proved no very effectual bond," observed his father with equal sangfroid.

"Congratulate me then on the amendment of my morals!" said Augustus, sneeringly. "For once, I am about to perform an honourable action."

"At the suggestion of Sir Edward Berkeley's expected return to England, rejoined Mr. Hamilton, hoping to irritate the young man out of his self-possession."

"At the suggestion of my own inclination," replied Augustus, with a kindling eye, but in a phlegmatic tone: "which, as you must be tolerably aware, I am accustomed to treat with the greatest respect. Let us understand each other! My dear father!—I WILL marry Miss Berkeley, say or do what you please,—I may have behaved like a villain elsewhere; here,

allow me to retrieve myself. Your influence with government has, luckily, provided me with competence; and you have, therefore, to choose between provoking a family rupture and the exposure of your affairs for the amusement of the world, or such a compromise as will enable me to afford to your daughter-in-law a place in society worthy of her and of yourself."

Augustus paused; and, instead of a rejoinder, Mr. Hamilton fixed his eyes contemplatively on the opposite wall. He had assumed the pacific attitude of "*Chateaux qui parle et femme qui écoute*." A surrender was no longer hopeless.

"You will admit," proceeded Augustus, "that your peerage is too small to require a reinforcement of your interest by any measure of mine; and as to fortune, although Miss Berkeley's is almost too trifling for mention to you, whose income counts more than double the principal, you must not forget that she is prudent, economical, unexacting."

"A country girl, without tact, without address!" "Ask any of the people who were staying here last Autumn, except that venomous goat Varden, and they will tell you, that Lord Sheland and your friend Lord Baldock thought her prettier and more elegant than Julia. The Marquis was always by her side."

"A new light seemed to break in upon the official man. His story faces grew more complacent as he listened!"

"The presence of female society is indispensable to a house like yours. My sister's marriage would have deprived it of its chief attraction in the eyes of whom you are fond of conciliating. Even this new peerage, of which you think so much, what is it in the throng of London society, unless made prominent by the wealth, wit, or beauty of its representatives?"

"I see how it is," said Hamilton, affecting to cede to the force of destiny. "I, who have sacrificed myself, my whole life long, to the interests of my children, shall be compelled to sanction a measure I totally disapprove. Such prospects as you and Julia have thrown away!—My daughter refusing Clancaster, to marry a good looking fool with his maintenance at the minister's mercy: my son neglecting a woman of Lady Ashley's property to marry—"

"A beautiful girl,—the daughter of a man whose monument the nation have placed in St. Paul's."

"And whose widow is in the pension list?" "Their descent and connections being every way superior to our own."

Having once determined upon permitting the marriage, Hamilton, for the sake of his own dignity, makes liberal allowances to the young couple. "And these gratuities, which, between any other father and son, would have been accorded with grace, and received with gratitude, were announced by the arid-minded Hamilton, in the tone of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving out the items of a budget; and accepted with a misgiving by the supercilious son!"

"I am unfortunately engaged to the Berkeleys this evening," said Augustus, looking at the clock, as if anxious to escape from a disagreeable family scene, "And as I cannot venture to ask you to accompany me—"

"And why not?" interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "do you suppose that, having once given my consent to this imprudent match, I am not prepared to go through the ceremonies usual on such occasions? Do you imagine that I would lend occasion to those cackling idiots at Loxington to send a whisper into the world, through the fott hams, that I had been deficient in courtesy to the family of my daughter-in-law?—No, no! Party do not allow such people as the Smiths and Manglers to despise us for ill-breeding; whatever other bad quality they may have discovered in the family."

And, in pursuance of his system of conciliation, Mr. Hamilton was shortly afterwards seated on Lady Berkeley's sofa, in all the respectability of his white hair and suit of sables—charming her with his high-bred bow, his mild suavity of accent, his treasury smile, his deference to herself, his paternal tenderness to her daughter. But the hypocrite was taken in his own snare:—he became really pleased with Susan;—he was struck, for the first time, with the singular grace of her manners;—he felt that he should be proud of her—that she would embellish his circle, and do honour to his name. There was nothing to be ashamed of in the connexion. Lady Berkeley, although a bore, was a woman of a distinguished appearance; Marcia was majesty itself. Altogether, for a bad match, it had its extenuations.

"The young couple are married, much to the delight of Lady Berkeley and the distress of Marcia, who imagines her sister would be happier with her plainer, but sincerer, and wiser sister, Bernard Forbes a rising young barrister."

"The tears on Mrs. Hamilton's Brussels lace veil were soon dry; and, after a month's tour among the Westmoreland lakes, which, the chilliness of the season considered, the bridegroom would not have been sorry to reduce to a fortnight, he assured his wife they should make themselves a laughing-stock to their acquaintance, by prolonging their excursion. Honey-moons, like family mourning, have been abridged by authority of the Lord Chamberlain; and it was only in deference to Susan's charming prejudices, that Augustus had been tempted to respect the old-fashioned custom of a month's seclusion."

"His lordship is just now in the best of humours," said the bridegroom; "ever since he enclosed me the Gazette announcing his elevation to the peerage, he has abounded in lordly courtesy. Let us make the most of it! It disturbs all the habits of his house that we should be absent, now the season has begun. He will not launch his new carriage till you are there to use it, nor commence his official parties—nor do any thing he likes. I find he has taken you an opera box, which is more than he did for Julia; and asked the Dutchess of Ptarmigan to present you."

"But must I be presented, and go to the opera immediately? Can we not be quiet for a short time, till I get accustomed to London?"

"As quiet as you please. But, of course, there is but one way of living for people who live in the world. What shall we do with ourselves, if we neither go into society nor receive it at home! And how will you amuse yourself when I am engaged at my club, or some official dinner?"

"I shall amuse myself by waiting till your return," said Susan, smiling; "it will be quite occupation enough; and I hope to see a great deal of Julia. Do you forget what a kind letter your sister wrote me on our marriage?"

"Julia will contrive to make you forget it if you attempt to wean her from society."

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton. But so attached as she is to Mr. Tottenham—"

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton," cried Augustus, laughing. "Julia is at heart a rake, and on that very account she is so attached to each other precisely."

"But you will be a great deal with me?" inquired Susan, looking anxiously at her husband.

"I shall be constantly with you; unless when I have engagements in town, one has always some engagement or other."

"But shall we not reside sometimes in the country?" "Of course, we shall pass our autumns at Weald. You will then be near your mother and sister; and my father has his house full of company, so that we shall never be bored."

"That will be delightful!" said Susan, in a dejected tone. "They go to town, and the bride is ushered into her newly and splendidly furnished apartments in her father-in-law's house. Her indifference to the show surprises Lord Loxington. He did not perceive that while apparently gazing upon the Dresden frame of her glass, she was engrossed by the reflection it served to convey to her eyes of her husband's remote figure; Augustus having loitered behind in the ante-room, to hurry through the contents of a handful of letters, which awaited his arrival in town. What could constitute their pressing urgency?—They could not be letters of business; for the whole of his debts had been discharged by his father on his marriage. In-

stead of welcoming her to the room in which so much of their future life must pass together, he was, therefore, actually making over idle notes of congratulation or invitation!"

But the billets were soon finished and thrust into his pocket, and Augustus made his appearance, as full of gratitude and enthusiasm, as his father could desire; to enlunge upon Lord Loxington's generosity, and point out to his wife's admiration the care with which her favourite books and music had been collected, her conservatory furnished, and a door of communication opened between her dressing-room and that devoted to her own use. Poor Susan was, perhaps, of opinion, that the apartment had been more comfortable, more at her ease, surrounded by a degree of simplicity consonant with her early habits; but, as her husband seemed anxious to force upon her admiration that damask and gilding, bronze and ormolu, mother-of-pearl and mosaic, which adorned her boudoir, she was liberal in her applause. Lord Loxington quitted the room ere the thanks of Augustus and his wife were fully exhausted.

"And so, Susy, my father is actually going to make a pet of you?" cried young Hamilton, throwing himself on the sofa and bursting into laughter, so soon as the door was fairly closed on Lord Loxington. "*Est il ridicule de cher Papa!*"—"*Why we men get into our second childhood, it is amazing what a vocation we display for the toy-shop!*"

"It is very kind in him to have taken so much pains for my accommodation," said Susan, painfully startled by her husband's sudden change of tone, from the cordiality assumed during Lord Loxington's presence."

"Kind!—You will learn to know him better, one of these days! Not an ell of brocade, not an inch of rosewood,—was placed here on our account."

"The furniture is new," replied Mrs. Hamilton, looking round, somewhat bewildered.

"New as yourself, my little wife, who have much ground to go over before you discover that all my father's proceedings are directed to the approbation of that great *œil de bœuf*—the eye of the world! You and I have as little to thank him for, in these humbles, as the king his parliament for the paraphernalia of a coronation! *N'est-il pas important!* It is something to find the Chancellor of our Exchequer in a good humour."

The following morning Augustus was looking over the collection of great names on the cards left in Spring Garden, by way of recognition of the visibility of Lord Loxington's daughter-in-law. "You must take care, love, that all these people's cards are returned; and it shall be my task to make you acquainted with those I really wish you to know. With my father's political associates and their families, you must, of course, be intimate; many of them, by the way, being the last women in the world I could present to your notice."

"Then why must I?"

"Because you will be constantly thrown into their society. Party influence is paramount even to the grand dogma of exclusiveness. The Tories are accustomed to stand shoulder to shoulder, and sink or swim together."

"But surely you are no great politician? I have heard you speak so scornfully of parties and party-men?"

"In the abstract! But are you such a little goose as to be ignorant that party is our rock of anchorage? that we live by office, and starve by defeat? that we exist only by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether?"

"Susan heard only the first part of the sentence. There was something in the words 'live or starve,' which seemed to cast a gloom upon the gaudy trappings of the apartments. She looked round her with a glance that inferred, 'should we not be happier, poor and independent, than in splendid bondage such as this?'"

"But Augustus saw nothing of the glance or its inference. He was watching out of the window a fight between two ragged boys in Bird-cage walk. Had he even seen and comprehended it, his reply would have been unequivocally negative. He had never been either poor or independent. He had no experience in such matters. His political fetters were second nature to him. He was a fox without a tail; but the appendage had been missing since his birth; he had been bred in the trammels of official life, just as the coachman's son is brought up a stable boy. He looked upon parties and politics as a mode or ceremonial of civilized life; and upon office as a thing devised by potentates to enjoy their services of plate and opera boxes."

"I am going to the Travellers' for an hour or two," said he,—"the fight having ended in one of the sturdy little vagabonds being carried senseless and bleeding from the field of action!"

"Will you drive with me by and by? I will order the phaeton at five, and we can take a turn in the park."

"But although poor Susan thankfully accepted the proposal, it struck her (new as she called her!) when Augustus had quitted the room, that, between the hours of twelve and five, there was leisure for something more than a lounge at the Travellers'."

"Unfortunately Mrs. Hamilton was not in the habit of being alone. She misses the society of her affectionate and intellectual sister; and now she had no longer Marcia to talk to,—no not even by letter, with the unreserved which alone makes correspondence a substitute for nearer intercourse. For want of better amusement during their tour, Augustus had contracted a habit of reading all her sister's letters; and Susan was checked in commenting upon her new house or dwelling upon reminiscences of her old, lest Marcia's reply should contain observations offensive to the jealousy or provocative of the ridicule of her husband. Hamilton was apt to laugh at what he considered the flightiness and romance of Miss Berkeley's character, and to express his amusement at the *jeu de l'opposition* of her exchanges between two sisters loving each other with a degree of affection, such as his inkwear feelings towards Mrs. Tottenham, and those of Julia in return, afforded him no precedent to comprehend. He regarded every thing as exaggerated and ridiculous which exceeded the barriers of ice, erected by the exclusives at a safe guard to their arctic circle."

"There were many things in her new mode of life, which an uncorrupted nature pointed out as inconsistent and objectionable. So little was Mrs. Hamilton habituated to the details of public service, that she could not help attaching a degree of meanness to the prodigality with which public money and public agents were rendered subservient to the rise and convenience of those who are themselves the servants of the public, in a higher capacity. Her father indeed, had eaten the bread of the country; and her mother was still its pensioner. But the fate of the great Sir Clement sanctified the grant."

"It was not so with the Hamiltons and Tottenham, and twenty families of their party. Some were paid for doing nothing; many, for doing very little; yet, certain of her new friends who were in the habit of proceeding from a late breakfast to their various offices, and quitting them at three o'clock, to take a turn in St. James's-street, or to lounge in the parlour of the house, on the chance of a division, were everlastingly complaining of the severity of the duties, and grumbling for the arrival of the recess. The most over-taxed weaver of Spital-fields, could not sigh more repiningly over his loom, for change of air, and relaxation of labour! William Tottenham and Augustus, commissioners of a lottery which had ceased to exist, and clerks to an office which had never existed, were liberally remunerated as deputies in a sincere place, for local habitation of which was a mystery even to their principals, who they thrust away the proceeds with as much pride and ostentation, as if they had been honestly earned; and very often did Susan shudder, on hearing them in the wantonness of their prosperity, curse the people—the damned people,—the damned blackguard people,—by the sweat of whose brows, their own leisure was secured."

"Another circumstance which appeared unaccountable, was



the peerie nature of the conversation current among these eminent personages by whom she was surrounded. She had been started, even at Weald-park, by the extreme levity of men, whose names were of historical importance, and whose opinions of historical weight. But at Weald, the Marquis of Shetland and his parasite, the pompous Earl of Tottenham, and Lord Tottenham's parasite, the Right Honourable George, and the Right Honourable George's parasite, Mr. Secretary Vardue, were supposed to be playing holiday; and had their privilege of private life to plead in extenuation of their bad puns, their dirty stories, their scandalous anecdotes, their wishy-washy chit-chat. A somewhat comprehensive adoption of the Florio-tan precept was pardonable.

In London, on the contrary, within a stone's throw of the Treasury, within oration-pitch of Palace-yard,—within sight of Westminster-hall, of Westminster-Abbey, it struck her that they ought to maintain the odour of officiality: that their counsel should be close as a despatch box,—correct as the draught of a chancery bill,—strong as a ministerial majority. They appeared at Lord Lexington's table, with all the blushing of the Privy Council thick upon them,—with the breath of majesty in their nostrils,—with the cracking of the door of the cabinet lingering in their ears; or with the cheers of their packed jury,—the house, still louder and still more portentous. Yet the graver the crisis, the more trifling their discourse.

Her wearisome mode of life is something relieved by the return of her lively brother, Sir Edward Berkeley, from his travels, who frightens her into a fainting fit by the suddenness of his greeting, and wonders at the fine-ladyism of his reception; and has a dread of being treated "like a quarto with plates." The return of Sir Edward brings his mother and elder sister to town, and while there, Lady Berkeley contrives just to frighten her daughter into a slight fit of jealousy, by vague innuendoes. Her husband perceives the state of the case, and busies himself to counteract the mother's half-sighted discernment. The Berkeleys were to leave town in a week;—and during that week he was constantly by Susan's side.

"See, my dear mother, how needless were your alarms," she whispered, on taking leave of Lady B—, while Augustus was taking a few parting commissions from Sir Edward:—Augustus has not been half an hour away from me for the last six days." "Ah! my dear child! you know but little of the world!" ejaculated Lady Berkeley, mournfully shaking her head as she embraced her. And long after her mother's departure that portentous gesture disturbed the peace of mind of Mrs. Hamilton.

A political confession, of a secret nature, between the delegates of the Great Powers, was about to take place at Baden, and Lord Lexington was to represent the interests of England; consequently, the most courtly of court physicians recommended the waters of Baden for Susan's impaired health, and Lord Lexington kindly consented to accompany his amiable daughter-in-law;—and thus, unconsciously, the gentle Susan was made a scape-goat to the intrigues of a cabal of politicians. Meanwhile the Tories in office were in full flower. There could not be a stronger tribute to the stability of the party than Augustus Hamilton's acceptance of a subordinate appointment. Augustus—the handsome, successful, self-reliant Augustus, who had said of his marriage as Nazarin of a place he once bestowed, that "it had rendered hundreds discontented, and one ungrateful," Augustus, who fancied that his appearance in the bow-window at White's, as the spell of fascination that attracted every female eye towards that cabinet of curiosities—Augustus, who forebore to enter the pit of the opera during one of Pasta's favourite airs, lest he should distract the attention of the audience—Augustus, who felt conscious that he owed as much to himself as some men are fools enough to imagine they owe their country—Augustus had, at length, consented to do some service to the state, which had acted as cashier to his family throughout two generations!

It was impossible, however, for any man to entertain a higher sense of his own condescension! Instead of commiserating Susan's disappointment in quitting England (when she had expected to pass a quiet autumn at their home in the country), he did nothing but point out the sacrifice he was making in losing the shooting season at Weald. Instead of lamenting her fatigue in so long a journey, at such a time, he did nothing but enlarge on the vexation of travelling in Lord Lexington's company, and being obliged to give up his time at Paris to courtiership and St. Cloud, instead of the saloon and the opera. He quarrelled with the roads, the inns, the weather; and by the time they arrived at Baden, the force of ill-humour could no longer go.

"That his wife, to whom the place was new, should find anything to admire in its picturesque site and romantic scenery, was an unpardonable offence—there was not a soul worth speaking to left at the baths.

"At breakfast, a day or two after their arrival, in the midst of complaints of the cold and desertion of the place, Augustus exclaimed, 'By the way, who were those showy-looking English people who bowed to you yesterday as we were returning from our ride?'"

"The Burtonshaws, relations of the Mangleuses, who spent a week every year at Laxington—I know very little of them."

"Pray do not aspire to improve the acquaintance. I never saw more flagrant people! If there is a thing I abhor, it is a family of over-dressed, under-bred English, on the Continent; not knowing what they would be at, and staring their eyes out in wonder at every thing everybody else is at! blazing in front of all the theatres—attracting attention in all the public walks—and acting 'Milor Anglais,' to the amusement of foreigners, and the disgust of their own countrymen!"

"The Burtonshaws appear to be very harmless people. I believe they made their fortune in India."

"Never mind where they made it; but, for God's sake, do not bring them down in judgment upon my father! he hates all that sort of thing even more than I do."

"Do *dames Anglaises qui se presentent pour Madame!*" said Lord Lexington's valet, throwing open the door, in the belief that visitors who made their appearance at breakfast time, must be on very familiar terms with the family.

"Et qui donc?" cried Augustus, with a presentiment of the impending calamity.

"Une dame et des demoiselles de Birtancho."

"And in walked the 'flagrant' people whom the fastidious Hamilton had just denounced as inadmissible."

From the Burtonshaws Susan learns that her sister is about to be married to Bernard Forbes, formerly a suitor of her own, and now becoming prominent in his profession, the law. Marcia had long been attached to his worth, and the acquisition of one sister amply consoles him for the loss of the other. From Baden the Hamiltons remove to Vienna, where they meet with the Cadogans. Cadogan is a catholic, a very 'gentlemanly' man, i.e. a cold, inexorable, servile formalist. Mrs. Cadogan was a school friend of Susan's, and is now an artful, intriguing woman; railing her husband, while he believes her his slave, by playing upon his foible of perverse willfulness; and deceiving Susan while she appears her sincerest friend. Mrs. Hamilton is overjoyed at the idea of seeing a *cômpatriote*, an old friend, a woman! Her joy is soon damped by mysterious hints in a letter of Marcia's, regretting her intimacy with Mrs. Cadogan. Augustus obtains a sight of the letter, and his fury throws poor Susan into an alarm, that causes the premature birth of a sickly child. During her illness she gratefully accepts the services of Mrs. Cadogan, for she does not yet understand all that is meant, not even by her husband's phrensies. As soon as the invalid is sufficiently recovered they return to England, and are taken into the royal household. Hamilton sets himself tooth and nail to carry favour with his royal master.

Bold as were Augustus Hamilton's professions of independence in private society, he was too well aware of the un-

certain tenure of his father's fortunes, not to have resolved to effect, at almost any sacrifice, a more solid provision for himself. He would not, of course, do anything contrary to the code of polite honour—nothing 'ungentlemanly'—nothing calculated to get him black-balled at a club, or stigmatized in the coteries. But to perform the ko-ton of courtiership, in common with the highest and mightiest, was no offence either against himself or society:—to run the race of lying or equivocation with a Duke, could be no disgrace. To swear that the Virginia Water (like the Tereus of the ancients) was composed of one part water and three parts fishes, was no reproach—except to the individual who believed! To protest that Correggio's 'Notte,' or Raphael's 'Madonna della redia' were valid in comparison with Rembrandt's 'Lady with the fan,' or Gerard Douw's 'Woman peeling turnips,' might be an error in judgment;—to prefer Lawrence the final to Vandyke the courtly, or Ogiński the Polish to Beethoven's symphonies, could only be a fault of taste.

Hamilton loses his master, and Susan her weakly babe about the same time. William the Fourth accedes to the throne, and his hearty manners conciliate the discontented. "It was a long time since a king had met them face to face. The rising generation were glad to ascertain that the crown was not worn by a hippogriff; and his majesty, bred in a profession too critical in its vicissitudes to deal in the etiquettes of life—and at present unlearned in the precept delivered to Louis XV. by his chancellor, that 'Kings themselves are but ceremonies,'—was well satisfied to set their minds at rest. A female court, too, was, for the first time, for many years, established; and the world began to talk of King George and Queen Charlotte; and to fancy they had retrograded to those 'good old times,' which ended in the riots of Eighty and the American war."

At this time, Mrs. Cadogan presents her husband with an heir, that is, however, no son of his. While she is still in confinement, and ere Susan has yet quite recovered from the shock of losing her own poor boy, Mrs. Hamilton pays her a visit.

"A yet severer retribution was in store for her,—She knew of Mrs. Hamilton's loss, and was almost glad that it would secure her own sick room from her presence; when, one morning early, in her convalescence, as she lay on her sofa, near an open window, enjoying the delicious balminess of the summer atmosphere, the door of her dressing-room was gently opened, and Susan, quiet and unannounced stole in. Caroline would have given worlds to evade the visit. But there she was, chained to her couch, without even a bell at her disposal; and when Mrs. Hamilton put aside her mourning veil, and bent over her with a kind, womanly kiss, a sudden flush of fever seemed to pervade the frame of the delinquent.—A tear was on her face, that had fallen from Susan's; and it scorched her like a drop of liquid fire."

"While taking a solitary morning drive in the neighbourhood of Everleigh, Mrs. Hamilton had suddenly found courage to attempt the visit; Marcia, who had constantly assured her that she had not strength for such an effort, being detained at home, writing letters to her husband."

"I have been very unhappy since we parted," said she, in the simplicity of grief, 'very unhappy; but, for the sake of Augustus, must learn to overcome my affliction.'

"You have so many remaining sources of happiness," observed Mrs. Cadogan, in a low voice; but she could not finish her sentence."

"We have all sources of happiness, if we knew how to render them available," said Susan, sighing. "But some are fated to deeper afflictions than others; some to brighter fortunes.—Yourself, dear Caroline!—How your career has prospered!—With every thing against you in the onset of life, how completely have all your desires been realized!—With health—with fortune—with an adoring husband—beautiful children—affectionate friends;—how happy you are! Do not think me despicable, if I own I think you an object of envy!"

"What would not Caroline have given for the entrance of her husband, or of a servant, to silence the ill-timed enthusiasm of her friend?"

"You must show me your little boy," resumed Mrs. Hamilton, after a long and painful pause.

"No—no!" cried Caroline, with uncontrollable emotion. "The sight of a child would be too painful to you."

"You know not," said Susan, with a quivering lip, 'how well I understand my feelings. I must see children—I must accustom myself to see them without emotion;—with whose can I better commence my hard lesson, than with yours?—You, who are so kind a friend, will show so much indulgence to my weakness.'

"I cannot—I—I—"

"Nay, dear Caroline!—Believe me to be the best judge of my own feelings! Do you know, I fancy it would even soothe me to hold a child again in my arms!"

"Not yet!—you must excuse me!" faltered Mrs. Cadogan, her heart beating more quickly with emotion than she had fancied it would ever beat again. But her will was not to be consulted. The head-nurse, proud of the heir of Everleigh, or desirous to exhibit to a visitor the magnificent lace of its cockade, thought proper to parade her charge, uncalled for, into the room; without dreaming that the deep mourning of the lady-guest had any reference to a loss rendering its presence disagreeable."

"See, ma'am!" cried the old lady, approaching Mrs. Hamilton, without regard to the prohibitions of her mistress. "See what a beautiful pair of hazel eyes!—Just the very moral of his papa—pretty dear!—Lord bless you, ma'am, I nursed Mr. Cadogan himself, ma'am, when he was't no bigger than this pretty darling; and he was as like this baby, he was, as two drops of water."

"But another resemblance was sickening in the very heart of Susan!—her own lost child seemed to rise before her eyes."

"Ah! Caroline!" said she, seizing the cold hand of Mrs. Cadogan, and motioning to the nurse to take away the little boy. "You were right! Forgive me!—I shall love your boy very much some day or other, I have long intended to ask you to let it be my god-child."

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, you do so too much honour!" exclaimed Cadogan, who had entered unperceived, the door opened by the departing nurse. "Nothing will give greater pleasure to Mrs. Cadogan and myself. You must persuade my friend Hamilton to take his share in your duties. Give my kind regards to him, and—"

"No!" said Mrs. Cadogan, faintly. "I wish—I rather intend—I—She stepped short."

"In a word, my dear, have you formed any engagements on the subject, and with whom."

"Not exactly—but—"

"My dear Caroline, pray allow me to arrange these matters without your interference!" cried Cadogan, settling his chin in his cravat. "These are points I decide for myself. Supposing we call the little fellow Augustus, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, he persisted, too full of his heir to notice the agitation of his wife; and knowing that, as the Hamiltons' child had been christened 'Clement,' the name would produce no painful associations."

"As you please!" replied Susan, overcome by the triumphant joyousness of his voice and manner. "We will settle it another time."

"Good! I will write a line to my friend Hamilton. It will be better, perhaps, that the compliment of the request should come from me. Are you going, Mrs. Hamilton?—Allow me to take you to your carriage."

"Good bye, Caroline," said Susan, in a tremulous voice, as she quitted the room. "I shall see you again very shortly."

"I trust not!"—devoutly trust not! ejaculated the conscience-struck Mrs. Cadogan, when they were gone, and she found herself alone. "Such struggles, often repeated, would destroy me."

At length the Tories go out of office. This is a destructive

blow to Augustus Hamilton. While he is absent, during one of the riots that took place about that period, his wife, anxious to discover his engagements, that she may form some conjecture regarding his safety, looks over certain of his letters; among them is one from Caroline Cadogan! Out of power, and unable to satisfy the demands of his dependents, a vindictive servant soon after publishes the connection to the world. Au—gustus is mortally wounded in a duel with the formalist Cadogan while his unsuspecting wife is kept in ignorance of his danger till after his death, to preserve her from the horrors of his death-bed violence. After the death of her husband, she devotes herself to the care of her father-in-law, the fallen, disappointed, penitent Lord Lexington; and when again his death leaves her without a protector, she gives her hand to the Marquis (Clancastare, Lord Laxington's ward, an accomplished, and intelligent young nobleman, who, like Apollo, though possessed of every attraction, had not hitherto proved very attractive to the ladies, having been successively refused by Julia Hamilton and Marcia Berkeley. He is too good for the former, not exalted enough for the latter; but just suited to the gentle Susan, whom we are glad to leave at last in congenial company.

## TABLE-TALK

*Parish dinners in 1460 and 1794.*—In the registry of proceedings of the parish of St. Ewens, in Bristol, the cost for a breakfast, &c. on Corpus Christi day, A. D. 1460 is thus entered on the church or parish book of record, extracted word for word.

Item. For a calveshead and hinge .... Threepence.  
Item. For two rounds of beef ..... Sixpence.  
Item. For bread and ale ..... Eightpence.  
Item. For master parson for his dinner Fourpence.  
Item. For his clerk ..... Twopence.  
Item. For bearing the cross ..... Twopence.

Sum Total .. Two shillings and a Penny.  
In the year 1794, by the same parish books, appears an entry to the following effect:

"A supper for the parish officers to settle their accounts, and to regulate the assessment of their poor rate, the sum of 50l. 17s. 2d."

*A Delicate Distress.*—The late King George (the Second) was fond of peaches stewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had tasted at my father's; and ever after, till his death my mamma furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round (he eating two every night). This little present he took kindly. But one season proved fatal to fruit trees, and she could present his Majesty but with half the usual quantity, desiring him to use economy, for they would barely serve him the year at one each night. Being thus forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat two every other night; and valued himself upon having mortified himself less, than if he had yielded to their regulation of one each night; which I suppose may be called a compromise between economy and epicurism; but I leave it to your decision. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

*The Birmingham Coach in 1749.*—A Birmingham coach is newly established to our great emolument. Would it not be a good scheme, (this dirty weather, when riding is no more a pleasure) for you to come some Monday in the said stage coach from Birmingham, to breakfast at Barrells, for they always breakfast at Henley; and on the Saturday following it would convey you back to Birmingham, unless you would stay longer, which would be better still, and equally safe? for the stage goes every week the same road. It breakfasts at Henley, and lies at Chipping Horton; goes early next day to Oxford, stays there all day and night, and gets on the third day to London; which from Birmingham at this season is pretty well, considering how long they are at Oxford; and it is much more agreeable as to the country than the Warwick way was. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

*A Fox at Deptford.* A Deptford Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History, after describing a garden belonging to him which had run wild, and was surrounded three parts by water, proceeds to give the following account of a fox which had established in it "an at home, within four miles of London." "The fox," says he, made himself very happy for more than six weeks. The neighbours lost their fowls, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. Many a long fave have I seen pulled about their losses; many a complaint of the "howdaciousness" of the rats, the cats, the thieves, and the new police; in all which I took very great and sympathising interest. In the mean time I used to sit in my summer-house of an evening, and watch master Reynard come out of his retreat; and a great amusement it was to me. He would come slowly trotting along, to a round gravelled place where four paths met; then he would raise himself on the sitting part, look about, and listen, to ascertain that all was safe; and being satisfied of this, he would commence washing his face, with the soft part of the leg, just above the pad. After this operation was well performed, he used to lie flat down on his belly, and walk deliberately along with his fore legs, dragging the rest of his person along the ground, as though it were quite dead, or at least deprived of motion; then he would run round and round after his brush, which I could see he sometimes bit pretty severely, and on such occasions, he would turn serious all at once, and whisk his brush about in a very angry manner. Poor fellow! a neighbour happened to see him cross the ditch by moon-light into my garden with an old hen in his mouth. The out-cry was raised, a search was demanded. Next day there came guns, dogs, pitchforks, and—neighbours; the upshot of all which was that poor Reynard's brush is dangling in my little wainscotted room, between an Annibal Caracci, and a Batista.—E. N. D. *Mag. Nat. Hist.*—A family of foxes has been known to establish itself in Kensington Gardens, and to have astonished the neighbourhood one fine morning with a hunt in Hyde Park.

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\*.\* The great popularity of this little work having caused a mis-understanding between the two brothers—Cruikshank—they have endeavoured to throw the *onus* upon the publisher, who, having no other means of setting the public right, has re-printed the correspondence which has appeared in the "Spectator" newspaper, leaving the public to decide which of the two is the "real Simon Pure."—The following appeared on the 19th of April:—  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

London, April 17th, 1834.

Sir:

In your paper of last Sunday, in reviewing a work of my brother's, you go on to notice his imitators, and state that I am trading upon his fame. Now this censure ought to fall upon the publishers by whom I have been employed, and not upon me; for, so far from wishing to trade upon my brother's fame, it has ever been my earnest request to the publishers that my Christian name, "ROBERT," should be advertised with the works I illustrate, and which they promised to do; but I regret to observe they have very frequently failed in the performance of that promise.

As respects the work styled *Cruikshank at Home*, I feel called upon to state, that I was entirely ignorant of the title till the book was put into my hands, after its publication; and that, from the very unusually small price offered to me by the publisher for drawings, merely in outline (as he termed it), I naturally presumed they were intended for some slight cheap publication, that would have borne some fair proportion to the small remuneration I received for my services.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to assure you and the public generally, that in my engagement with the publisher of *Cruikshank at Home*, I made one condition, which was understood by both parties to be paramount to all others; which was, that in every place where my name was printed it should be "ROBERT CRUIKSHANK," and any thing short of that I neither could nor would be satisfied with; and which dissatisfaction I lost no time in plainly communicating to the publisher.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.  
In answer to which, Mr. Kidd immediately returned the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the "Spectator":—  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

Sir,

Having given insertion to a letter from Mr. ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, on the subject of a little work which I am now publishing, (illustrated by him) you will, doubtless, permit me, through the same channel, to reply to the statement he has put forth, which, should it remain uncontradicted, might prove of serious injury to me in my capacity, of PUBLISHER. It was originally agreed upon between us that the work, which was to be entitled "*Cruikshank at Home*," should be published in one volume, and contain twenty-three engravings, inclusive of a drawing representing Mr. Cruikshank in his own study. On this number being completed and delivered over, Mr. Cruikshank represented to me, that as he was about to publish a copper-plate engraving of the ship called the "*Great Harry*," to be dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, he was particularly anxious, in the meantime, to add to his fame by the publication of his "*At Home*," and requested, as a great favour, that as the drawings were made in his *very best manner*, and not *merely in outline* they might be beautifully engraved. This request was acceded to, and to render him a still further service, the original number of designs was increased to upwards of one hundred, and the book brought out in the most handsome form possible, and in three volumes instead of one—of course, at my own expense, which he seems to forget. As for the stipulation, "that the Christian name Robert should be affixed to the work,"—this is positively untrue, though on reference to the very first volume, it will be found to have been chosen to effect it.

The sum named for the drawings was not only not objected to, but most readily accepted by Mr. Cruikshank, whose reply was that "he must now leave off working for the *Penny Cask*, and devote himself to this job." Two witnesses were present on this occasion. At all events, having furnished more than four times the number of drawings first agreed for, Mr. C. cannot, I think, have any just cause for complaint. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that Mr. Cruikshank called at my house on the morning of the very day on which he dates his letter to you, and appeared on such friendly terms, that I readily obliged him with a trifling loan that he required! I am, therefore, the more surprised at the nature of his communication to you, and but for his signature, can hardly believe that the sentiments expressed are his own. I beg to apologize for thus troubling you, and am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,  
WILLIAM KIDD.

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In offering this Library to the British public, the Proprietors beg to remark that they have been induced to enter upon its publication partly in consequence of the extraordinary success which has attended the "Bibliothèque," published by the above celebrated men in France, but principally from the conviction of the necessity of a similar work in England. Knowledge has been called the key-stone of the arch of civilization; up to a late period it has been but too much defaced by technicality, and the difficulties which attended its acquisition. It was the desire of relieving science from their encumbrances that Dr. Arnott, Mr. Babbage, and a host of other learned and excellent men, commenced their labours; and it is a humble but honest homage in the same vineyard, that "The Library of Popular Instruction" begins its career.

In the course of their publication, the Proprietors intend to draw largely from the parent stock, the "Bibliothèque Populaire." A literal translation of this work would be inexpedient, because of its purely national character, and because also of the different opinions entertained on particular points by the learned of both countries. On some subjects, as geology, zoology, &c., entirely new treatises will be written. In that of zoology, for instance, the principles of the sciences will be first explained, and then again illustrated by reference to the history and habits of animals, in the hope that, by mixing the "dulce et utile," the subject will be divested of its dryness, and rendered more inviting and easy of comprehension.

"The Library of Popular Instruction" will for the future be published regularly every Fortnight, at 6d. each Part.

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